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Bard

= = = = =

**Information from far away.
The lady in the dream said
(there were three people,
looking at my poems, as if
to judge or accept, contest,
magazine, three very ordinary
people upright at a table;
the man had liked my work)
the lady in the dream said
she liked it too, nice enough,
imagery and so on, but
the poem came to no
conclusion, she meant some
moral or quotable assertion,
as if it just went on,
pleasant, pointless,
just like this dream.**

1 June 2017

= = = = =

**Deeper than the day's anxiety
will I get home in time for supper
is the deeper angst,
will there be supper when I get home?**

1 June 2017

= = = = =

**What do I do
with what I know?**

**I bring it to you
in hopes it will make
you love me still.**

**I am a red bird
bringing caterpillars home.**

1 June 2017

= = = = =

**Touch together the two devices
at once their information marries—
instantly by human time but who knows
what time is like inside a tablet—
each thinks it is a desert stone,
by God alone inscribed.**

1 June 2017

= = = = = = =

**Not a good beginning but
starts are usually awkward,
breathless, more stumble than leap,
more backyard pool than sea.**

**I look at sun on the ocean
now and she tells me this.**

1 June 2017

= = = = =

**Tetrptych of human faces once I wrote
the same woman over and over I don't know—
hard to see a person through their face,
a face is only what they want to show.
But sometimes the eyes still tell the truth.**

1 June 2017

= = = = =

(After two days of mist and rain, deepest mist last night, the sun now in a cloudless sky, blazing on the sea. But the sky has a vague, pale look about it. All a poet can do is detail what Thomas called “the weather of the heart.” By seven o’clock the sky had greyed over and come close, the neighbor island starts disappearing and coming back, vanishing and returning as the sky settles down around us as mist. Then for thirty seconds the higher sun comes through and we’re a summer day all soft and bright. And then the mist. Persists. The heart has so much work to do.

1 June 2017

134.

Mohini Rewa

memory serves
white tiger,
Enchantress from Rewa,
plucked from the maharaja's pleasance.

I too worshipped at her caged-in shrine,
animal in the Washington zoo.
cocoa stripes on almost-white
memory serves,

then look it *up*
write it *down*.
the newspaper remembers her ice-blue eyes,
write her name out,
***mohini* means enchantress, seductress,**
remember,
remembering is wandering.

Then two sudden
seagulls from the roof
flop noisy on the deck,
patrol the rail, consume
seeds the chickadees forgot.
Forgetting is wandering too.

The sun is just rising,
I see her through the new leaves
on the neighbor tree,

**brightest of all things
in our gendered world.
But why
 the tiger,
her name first
thing in my wakened mind?
Or is this like asking
why the seagull, why the sun?**

2 June 2017

135.

**But I need to know.
There can be two songs
about one tiger,**

**bear my sitar
if you can
_____means love**

**what does tiger mean?
Dionysus
rode one from India**

**to Lydia before
even the Greeks caught on.
Should I go back to Nonnus?**

**Through the enchantment of the others
(Nietzsche) absorb the patent
energies of waking, thinking?**

**I hear the white gull
clatter heavy down onto the deck,
impact of living systems—**

enchantress, let me hide in what I see.

2 June 2017

136.

**A gull or a tiger
is worth more than me.**

**But I can say A
nor can she.**

**Grammar cracks to make a point,
the other calling softly to me.**

**Open the word
to let the tiger in,
the magic ravisher
whose name comes sudden
from the undergrowth of dream.**

Bite of the tiger.

Taste of the other.

2 June 2017

137.

**They tell me Vishnu was a woman once,
Mohini], and Vishnu married Shiva once,
and all our marriages
are blessed with such confusion.
Lesbian month. Lady on the roof.
Everything is uncertain.
But there is certainty
and it is ours. We confer it
on what we see. Stripes of the tiger.**

138.

**Name something for me,
that eider in the bay
for instance,
 or out there in the channel
(you can see it, I can't)
that loon with the white rhombs
round his neck entrained
that look like diamonds
in the sea glitter
name him, I mean tell me his name,
this bird I shouldn't
be so like, my mother
in her Irish way would say,
when I was foolish.
But he's not foolish
except to let you see him
with your Zeiss
so close that later, later
I can count the diamonds.**

139.

Is that too personal?

Or personal at all?

**There are no persons here
but words,**

**the inexorable
march of the alphabet
towards some meaning
glorious as apocalypse,
sacred as Atlantis,
the City of God
hidden in our breath.**

140.

**The feel of words
written on paper,
the feel of words
to the fingertips**

**what they feel
is as real
as what the mind makes
up from what it reads.**

**If it's the mind
that does the reading,
not some cute little
ink-dark imp
inserted in us
at school between
the heart and the head.
Such pleasure the imp
gives us! Truth
is another matter,
that's in each of us
to begin with,
no schooling needed,
just waiting
for its weather.**

141.

Opening the other door.

**In the sacristy the sleeping priest
waits for his hour.**

**The Mass will open his mouth for him
and he will speak.**

**Dare the words
that come, O Man,
out of your mouth
ordained long ago
to speak.**

**As I was once
instructed by the sky
consecrated by “October’s bright blue weather”
my father quoted.
But I never told him.
But he knew.**

**This sunlit shore
the sacristy,
these many words
a sleep
from which the one word comes.**

2 June 2017

FOR CHARLOTTE, ON OUR 24TH

**What the day brings
the day is a bird
a gull, a chickadee, a cardinal
a rhythm in the currents of the air
a wave (such a quiet morning)
idling up to the shore
sun gleam off a neighbor's window
all those people who aren't us
a dragon long asleep
deep in the drumlin we live on
all the sorts of soils and hills have name
a day is a name
it calls us
a day is our own name
spoken clear out of all past time
a day wakes us
with the clatter of sunlight
round the shade's edge
wakes us with its silence
it calls again, a day
rarely stops calling,
there are never no birds
never no waves,
what the day brings
is the truth of ourselves**

**sometime mislaid in the nighttime,
brings us where we are
until we really are,
the day brings us news
of what it means to be us
never lets us forget
the best thing that happened
to us is us
and I know it
the day told me
and a day never tells lies.**

***Cuttyhunk
3 June 2017***

ON A BOTTLE OF MONTEVERDE ASH BLACK INK

**And with this new ink
I try to wed
the grace of you
to the need of me,**

**the lovely beast of us
strolling by the sea
carrying home ancient
pebbles and new photos,**

**the answers to everything
always waiting on our lips.**

3 June 2017

= = = = =

**A kind of grey
that brightens the day—
sometimes we hardly
see colors, we
see only their names,**

3 June 2017

OVER THE CIGAR STORE

The higher you climb on the stairs that start behind the glass door beside the left-hand window of the old smoke shop on the corner the further back in time you land. By the time you reach the top, the fifth floor, you're in the late Nineteenth Century. Rudely enough, you push open a door to the apartment on the left (as you face front) and find yourself in the kitchen. An old gas range, enameled metal on rather gracefully curved legs, faces you. To your left again, against the wall you came through, is the bathtub. It's covered with a sheet of plywood, itself an anachronism, to serve as a table top for a congeries of items from many decades of the more or less recent past, including a glass coffee press which suggests a certain sophistication or even pretentiousness in the occupants. And who

are they? Where are they? Why was the door left unlocked so you could barge right in? And what is that steady low-frequency hum? There is no fridge for it to come from. And it doesn't stop.

4 June 2017

= = = = =

**The changes come
you feel it in your skin
spider bite in the night
between the fingers**

**a rubber band snaps
stretched once too often
and in the twinkling of an eye
the music tells**

**the music stops.
What music?
Cadmus tootling on his flute
Apollo fingering his harpstrings**

**even now you hear him
in your skin
that's all we are
a page the changes**

**write themselves on.
Who are the changers?
Where does skin come from,
scientist? And what is music?**

4 June 2017

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

**Sad
about to leave
after a month**

the island

**and on the coast
road the wild
roses are
just coming
into flower**

we smell them as we go.

**4 June 2017
Cuttyhunk**

WIND WORD

**the clouds are lanterns
on afternoon sea**

**calm passage hour ferry
islad people
on the mainland way**

**gull path, cor-
morants over.**

**The cold wind
cheers us on.**

**I know the names
of people now
as if I'm finally
almost becoming me.**

**4 June 2017
on Buzzards Bay**

= = = = =

**Notice how things
ideas even
tend to have names**

**you know them all
so how can I learn?**

**I talk to myself
all the time
meaning you.**

**4 June 2017
on Buzzards Bay**

= = = = =

**A thought arising
from that nowhere
we call the mind**

**is an island
rising from the sea.
Inhabit it**

**plant useful and decorative
vegetation all over it,
leave some prime rock bare,**

**people it with wind,
waterfowl, animals,
us. Then a thought**

**comes to the fullness
of itself, and the sea
kisses it on every side.**

**4 June 2017
Buzzards Bay**

= = = = =

**The trees of home
have.**

**From the Rhode Island shore
all the way, the dense
millioning of green arisings,
up rising.**

**And the glades!
Sunswept patches gleam in the far dim,
sheer insoluble mystery of place.
To be here again in all the green,
every glance beside the road
yields a question, an answer.
We are mere tenants of the trees.**

**5 June 2017
Lindenwood**

= = = = =

**Being here again
being here**

**the myth of home
with us as heroes**

**the story (*muthos*)
can never end.**

**To be here
is a permanent condition,**

**an achievement
however long we stay.**

**5 June 2017
Lindenwood**

LAWS

**In these parts they tell me
there's a law against feeding the deer.
What we need is a law
that compels us to gaze at the moon
speaking words it will understand.**

5.VI.17

= = = = =

**To be safe from sight
behind a linden leaf**

Size matters

**Species reassignment
maybe, we
too big to be?**

**To be the crow
I also am?
Size of a seal
and learn to swim
at last, and know
all the roads inside the sea
and rest on sunny days
on rocky shores.**

**I wonder who the doctors are
who'll make half-man half-lion,
or make her a fox with wings.**

5 June 2017

= = = = =

**The coast of going
where the shingle beach
bruises our soft river feet**

**the distant horizon
at sea level
pnei ha-yam face of the sea
is very close.**

**The place where
you hope the waves
induce you is far
very far in the
ungrammatical
distances of clouds.**

**5 June 2017
Rhinebeck**

THE CHORD

density is theory the mechanism by which destiny discovers the currents immobilized forever perhaps or maybe not in the mountains or consider the ankle of the goddess Amphitrite secret wife of the open earth and the seas around the machine we listen to as the music starts to understand us her ankle flexes and the shapely calf above it comes briefly into view because the air also is a kind of sea as Apollinaire discover of poetry demonstrated a century ago when we still knew how to listen to the density around us now the limb of a divine visitation metamorphic rock the gneiss of great cities the igneous refusals too by which the red of basalt sometimes sounds like the cello cunningly comprehending with both arms the complex emotional breakages of Bach's inner life where the goddess took up residence o too lewd to be a Lutheran and yet she sets her foot down placidly you'd be hard pressed to guess the fire in his immortal heart but she knows she well knows it is uch light lights her woman seas.

5 June 2017

= = = = =

**What we inherit
words found on the floor
birds in the sky
no difference
read them and grasp
the sentence long ago
dispersed into phrases
gasps syntagmata
syllables, love songs
hummed to whom
in the garden in the
shower. Hard rain
yestreen. Read
the fallen page
lost from a vanished book.
It is meant for you.**

[Author X some Y years ago writes the whole book, gives it for publication, just so that you can find this tattered yellowed almost crumbling page of a cheap paperback edition of it on the floor of a house you've just inherited. Everything points to you. This is a version of the Borges story of the spotted leopard caged in Rimini so Dante could give meaning to its sad captivity. Or cop an image for his poem. Every stick points both ways at once. In any story, subject and object dance, change positions. It's all about the sense we make of what we find if we have the decent humility to assume ourselves the proper target of whatever happens around us or to us.]

6 June 2017

= = = = =

**Vivid mysteries
my foot in the door
don't turn away
from my inquiring
or if you turn your back
let its musculature
ripple a living map
of where I must travel
to find myself at home.**

6 June 2017

142.

**Teach the beginning
of the day
to tell.**

**The story lingers
when the fact has fled.
And what is fact?
A toad hopping back
safe on new-mown grass.**

143.

**Because the will infests the deed
the animal circles round its prey.
Pray. Why do words
rebuke us in the act of saying them?
Why is it all true?
We are Sumerians still.**

7 June 2017

144.

**No wonder we can't read Etruscan say
it is printed clearly on our backs
and there is no one behind us
to read us what it says, our own body,
its own ancient language!**

**And we're afraid
to turn around, afraid
to tell each other what we read.**

**So the past keeps remembering us
as we struggle to be free.**

**The myth
of love. The ancient myth of me.**

145.

**Catch the mirror before it falls,
a broken image will never speak.
Three people fighting at a table**

**but wood always wins,
don't they remember?**

**Every child is taught that.
How strange grown-ups are.
The taste of chalk.**

7June 2017

AT THE CLINIC

Q.

**Doctor, when you pee
more than you drink
where does it come from
and what is it?**

A.

**There is an Atlantic
inside everyone —
mostly it's made of words
and remembered images
from sight or sound.
Sometimes one's anxiety
just activates it—
hydrogen gulps oxygen
(the past seizes the present)
and wakes you up
three times in one night, see?**

7 June 2017

= = = = =

**Sometimes the body
loses its way
inside itself,
 the path
overgrown with nettles,
rain clouds over the sycamores
last trees to leaf.**

**It watches southeast
hoping for good weather,
children playing noisy happy
unseen in playgrounds,
and a gaunt protestant church
lightless at roadside—**

who led the body away from itself?

7 June 2017

= = = = =

**Exanimate, the evidence?
Everything we see
around us
 walked here once
to meet us. To say us.**

**Now find traces —
follow their tracks
back to origin?**

**No. They are our
origin enough.
This is what
the commandment meant:
no lord but this.**

8 June 2017

= = = = =

**Trust what you see—
they're all part
of the same dream you are.**

8 June 2017

= = = = =

**Waiting for the instead
to be my rock**

**the other voice
the antiphon requires**

salt of the sea

**acrobat hurtling through the air
the air
the nitrogen the earth we breathe**

**we breathe the rock
and it answers us.**

**Dawn all over again
all day long**

**round dance and roundelay
the trees consent
with all their clothes**

**emerald samite
each leaf a pavilion
pitched to shelter
us we sleep**

**thought by thought
someone's coming**

**somehow fill
the space between silences.**

9 June 2017

= = = = =

**Lucid, as in luce,
as in dawn over the Andes
as one who has fallen
in love and lies there
pleasantly talking.
As in remembering
ruins of a great temple
the stones last, t
he gods forgotten.**

9 June 2017

= = = = =

**The broken today:
remembering people
you don't remember.
Who are these who appear
so clearly and unbidden
in dream or even waking,
faces and bodies clear,
their personalities,
even their clothes,
and you know them
only you don't know them?
are they absolutes?
Maybe, sometimes, their names
will come to mind and then
the day is healed, now
is now and then is then
and everyone is clear.
Help me. Do you even care
the ones I can see inside
but maybe dare not name?
In a day or two or three
they fade into mere otherness.**

9 June 2017

= = = = =

**Lost in scenarios
the actual.**

**All right.
Reality has enough
problems without
adding me. So
I will be otherwise
and wise, dwell
with faerie under the hill
if they will have me,
if She will let me in.**

9 June 2017

THE EMBARKATION FOR CYTHERA

takes me along.

I found a paper on the floor

it was my ticket

it told me what to do

where to go,

this scrap of old paper

torn from a book,

but how

to find that ship or boat be

just enough for you and me

to the strange country we come from

the island of love the

island of everywhere.

9 June 2017

= = = = = = =

**They tell you *Go alone*
but they are wrong.
Going together is halfway there,
going far and being home.**

9.VI.17

= = = = =

**Alternately obvious
the moon in the sky**

We are made of time

**The ferocity of unbelief
holds us in place
upright in the otherwise**

whirling

**Saints that no one knows
and everybody also**

10 June 2017

= = = = =

**The I try
to be clear**

**turn the word
inside out
inspect the lining
of what seems to say**

**Not just the cat is an act
not just like that
or this is shit, no,**

**the unheard overtones of
the ordinary *said***

**wallow at roadside
= examine the stars.**

10 June 2017

= = = = =

**The warm has.
And sun's measure
a little overflows.**

**To be here now —
some days the skin
(not today I think)
is the same temperature
as the air around it.**

**Who are we then?
Is the immense
Difference finally healed?**

(heißer Tag)

11 June 2017

= = = = =

**Prospect of being alone
with myself for a week.
Charlotte leaves for London—
Will I know who I am
when she gets back?
It's been such a long time
since I've been left
alone with that mirror man.**

11 June 2017

= = = = =

**The wren remarks
from that linden tree
*We read you, read you, reead you***

**and I take comfort:
words reach out
and touch another—**

what more could poems want?

11 June 2017

= = = = =

**A week of me!
I'm sick of me,
I want my Other.**

12.VI.17

= = = = =

**Let me print again
the habit of my head,
the looking out,
the summons
to the rare world
out there, the
speakable unknown.**

12 June 2017

PING-PONGE

**Words snap off the table
Colombina catches them,
her paddle deft, swift
responses, smack
the word back
where it counts,
firm on the other side
of the net that is language—**

**it only really means
when it comes into
the court of the Other
and makes that plink
that sounds like thinking
and something is
finally said.**

12 June 2017

= = = = =

**Nervix and Anxius
strode along
the old Roman road
to tomorrow,
the city far away
they mean, they speak
only to each other
every word
making everything worse.**

12.VI.17

= = = = =

**Spaking, thinking,
this morning seem
like scraping bottom.
A little oil left,
the widow's mite
left in mind-dark.**

**Come out and play
I say to my head,
they're asleep in there
grumbling at disturbance.**

**This isn't about me
you know, it is how
and why and when and what
but never who.
There is no who where I am.**

12 June 2017

= = = = =

**Caught in the clock tide
salmon in a weir
against the current
against the grain
that's what it means
to be silver in a gold world
the water's ripples
impersonate my mind**

**could be anyone
warm night lets
fan cools annoys
to be a person
is as if waiting
for a candle
to flicker alight
all by itself
no such person
who called her name
all the summer
means is skin.**

12/13 June 2017

= = = = =

**How far to come
being polite to the weather**

**does something for the soul
that figure of speech
hidden in your clothes**

**my habit is being wrong
like the other guy's
religion**

**or the flag
you can't make out
flapping damp
in the dawn wind.**

12 / 13 June 2017

= = = = =

**Is this then or now
ever? And why
are there voices in the street
when there are no streets
here, only the old
post road running north,
Chateaubriand
on his way to the Iroquois.**

12 / 13 June 2017

= = = = =

**When you get there
it's bound to be somewhere else
always, there's a rule
about that, fine print
in the Law of Gravity.**

**You get where you think
not where there is —
your own will is the most
disappointing impresario —**

**the music loved us
but will got in the way**

***Turn off the will
he said and settle
in the soul but
forgot to tell us how.***

12 / 13 June 2017

LESSONS BORROWED

**from the wilds
of Emily,
 other,
over, and over,**

**believe her
when she speaks
in me,
 a rapture
or a rafter**

**both you need
to have a house
you actually
can live in.**

**2.
A praise of fat
of indolence, sloth
the priests call it —**

**work sitting down
let the birds do
most of the singing**

you're just a handle

**for someone else
to turn gently
or urgently, don't
the priests say that
too? Allow me
this pale gold inference.**

**3.
Or begin at last
one's own crooning,
Irish dismal
bear without breakfast,**

**but let it ring
out like a bad rhyme,
challenge the peacock
for discrepancy
betwixt image and sound,**

**all of us are naked
inside our clothes,
my last permission**

just be wrong.

**4.
Everybody wants a piece of her.**

**And why? Because she sat there
in her own body almost unafraid,
her own house, sat, thought
whatever came to mind
and ordered it, soft as thigh
firm as whalebone, into
a graph of how it really feels
to be and be someone almost
and only be here, here.**

5.

**Touch a part of yourself
you haven't laid a hand on
for months maybe, the soft
socket of the left knee**

**maybe, we Irish call it *iosgad*
but I'm not Irish enough
to pronounce it, and feel it,
just feel it till it tells.**

13 June 2017

ADAGIA ALCHEMISTICA

(Note: Alchemy was turned by Rosicrucians and their Freemasonic successors into the secret religion of global capitalism. Capitalism and the Neo-Hermetic ripened together in the 18th and 19th centuries, after their brave 17th century beginnings.)

Xtian Rosenkreuz is the prototypical explorer = conquistador, travelling far, appropriating wisdom, techniques, substances, as he goes.

Travel is appropriation.

Who was the Lamb whose blood was shed in that city, Damcar, where he took hold of wisdom (Marx's Primitive Accumulation?). City of the Blood of the Lamb?

Alchemic Image: A pig pushing a bowling ball along with his snout.

A man reading a book upside down.

(O Blake, draw me that, please!)

The morning wind dispels all images, and leaves new space where *structure* forms.

Standing still is resting the body in pure gravity.

Inside the Alchemic Vessel, gravity is reversed.

Later, there is no gravity.

Hence the rose can blossom.

By the thousands along the beach at Cuttyhunk, last tract of Shakespeare's England left in Amérique.

Be careful what you say. Anything you say might be the truth.

Measurement is sort-of-like beginning.

The who of alchemy is always you.

Your fire, your belly.

Cool enough to sit outside, cold enough to go back in — that's music for you.

In America, music is the plebiscite of the powerless.

Politicians listen to nothing, least of all fact, the fact of the other.

Read about Art till a painting falls off the wall, comes over and climbs up onto your lap, sits there, waiting.

The pig, with one last shove, launches the bowling ball into the stream.

This stream flows past your house.

The bowlig ballo floats! And floats away upstream.

Stones sail overhead, slow, slow.

A woman, her back to us, stands in a lake, the water just around her knees.

You can tell when people are naked under all that light.

A rock rolls down the hill.

It has been rolling since the beginning of time.

It still hasn't reached bottom.

But the, time didn't begin all that long ago.

Alchemy is akways the middle of the week.

Mind is keenest. Mood is more.

All we have to give one another is our physical presence, or, if that's too frightening, our thoughts, words, images, dreams, selfies in moonlight, answering machines, our shadows.

Alchemy touches the skin.

All substances are poisonous.

All poisons heal.

Homeopathy is the last outpost of alchemy.

If you believe in anything, you can't be an alchemist. The lodge door is nailed shut by the hammer of conviction.

The truth comes to those who have no other options.

Alchemy is the sweet dreams of a sleepless night.

Or did it say opinions?

You don't need a key if there is no door.

The gateless gate opens.

Tuck a bit of silver somewhere snug against your skin, warm in a body's fold — this will lead you into the starry sky.

You don't need gold.

Stay close to me, everything says.

Language, the unfading flower.

The hortensia is always blue.

Fear of being wrong is really fear of success.

The surface is the only depth.

14 June 2017

STUMBLING?

**Falling
over *the method*
dried tomato stains
left on the newspaper you read
in the pizza place, how could you,
ladies room gumball machine, all that
public world and you dared
be private, Combos
on the counter, how could I
not fall in love but that's just me—
the coffee we didn't share,
the weird tea you read about somewhere.**

15 June 2017

= = = = =

**Because there is,
there has to be**

a method here

**something in what used to be
your body but now
is called your core**

but core means *cor*, 'heart'

**your heart is your only core
not the rib so stiff or the ab you tense**

the body speaks by itself

**and as the wise woman you saw
standing in the jungle pool said**

believe the heart.

15 June 2017

= = = = =

**How do you know things
things I know
birds fly under the ground**

every stone remembers you always

**you sat on the sloping rock
and watched the valley**

nothing ever forgets

**you dozed a minute or two
thinking about
was it a place or a person**

or just a tune you smell in your mind

**people forget a lot
but some remember**

rose doesn't go with patchouli

**you remember the damndest things
you remember me.**

15 June 2017

= = = = =

**Unreal women need love songs most.
The rest the real can live on granola
Caesar salad, fruit.**

**But the unreal
the half-happened, the lank
Beatrices and svelte Isoldes
they need all the words they can get.
Reality, as even a Marxist knows,
happens mostly in the head.
We decide. Not the other molecules,
just the ones we call our own.
So write your salacious sonnets,
your free verse with syllables all over her.**

15 June 2017

= = = = =

**Dear Annie Oakley
why'd you have to shoot me?
your bullet went right through my bible
in was backwards in my shirt pocket
right through Apocalypse
all the way to Leviticus
that saved my life
not for the first time
but why did you shoot?
was it because I was looking at you
through the window
while you washed your long hair
and what color is it anyhow
you can't tell when it's all wet,
a cat's allowed to look at a queen
is it because there are no queens around here
are ashamed of your big china basin
and the big pitcher with blue roses on it
are there blue roses where you come from
and where do you come from?
isn't this still America?**

15 June 2017

OF DOMAIN

**or the deed,
the do of remembering,
the re of the mirror
the mi of far voyaging
the fa of solitude
the sol of latency
(lie low / to be so)
the la of silence
the si of dominion**

**ad we are here, here!
Broken maybe a bit
by our own accidentals,
but cheered on by overtones
the word speaks!**

**And we hear it
through all the octaves
over the whole sea**

**tom our own old country
we ever but forever.**

15 / 16 June 2017

IDENTITY

Identity hinders the soul.

**Porcelain saucer
without a cup —
a cup is something
more than me,**

a cup has to be empty to help.

15 / 16 June 2017

= = = = =

**Reading you
is reading a book
that talks back,
answers me
before I ask,
dreams my
dreams for me,
permits me
seamless sleep.**

15 / 16 June 2017

= = = = =

**Waiting for the tide
far inland
the radio
plays on.**

**Nemo lustens.
Means Nobody.
Gasp
of icy breath, morning
of the Protestants,
a glacier
hurrying to chapel.**

**Hither me with rhapsodies,
disembowel the mysteries of doubt!
A single pinprick lets the light through!**

16 June 2017

THE PINPRICK

*Duet,
for Tenor and Soprano*

He: I fell in love with your consequences.

She: Love catches easy in the noble heart.

He: How sweet of you, to mpraise me!

She: I'm quoting.

He: Quotation is praise, implicitly, of something now or something said.

She: You may be as implicit as you like.

He: I don't understand.

She: That's my point. Have you ever felt a pinprick in a soft place?

He: I imagine so, yes.

She: Imagination doesn't work here — you need the actual steel.

He: Why do you wear ribbons in your hair?

She: Despair.

16 June 2017

POEM B`EGINNING WITH A LINE BY ANNE GORRICK

Today is brought to you by roses
and I don't even know your middle name.
Of course I would pick that line
knowing me, the pink affairs on the table,
the smell of someone who just left the room
but isn't really gone yet, she'll
still b here after she gets home, rose,
I mean that was my mother's middle name,
never used it, wasn't crazy about roses,
gardenias were her flower, even richer
smell, rare nowadays, back then
you could buy them in the subway even
for a quarter, a lot of money, pinned
to a wax green card, he unpinned it for you,
you brought it home to her, or to her
or to her, depending. There's always
someone around to give flowers to.
And so you know you're you, and it,
why it is today all over again, this time
you still smell her roses, you want
to think it's her body or feelings but
it's just those blood-red roses.
You think about the look of her
as she left the room, smiling, waving
good-bye. You wonder what her
middle name is. And while you're at it
what is the middle name of everything?

16 June 2017

WOODBINES

They were the cheap cigarettes of my English childhood. I had two childhoods, did you know that? I mean I was two children, one, the English one, a bit older, year or two, than the younger, the Brooklyn boy, that's the one you think was me. But I was both of them.

The older one, of course, smoked first, Woodbines, — cheapest cigs in Britain, but the taste wasn't the point, the smoking was. Here, when the other one got around to it, there were Helmar and Murad and Herbert Tareyton and Home Run but mostly Camel. The picture, the Turkish claim. But Woodbines came first, and that counts.

The English one I was loved stones, big boulders, standing stones left over from Viking times, we should call it Wicking times, our word is wick, like Eastwick. Or Bushwick where the younger one grew up. He didn't like big stones as much— in summer he used to walk along a road in Pennsylvania where every morning a big rattlesnake sunned itself on a boulder. The boy I half-was. or is it twice-was, was careful to keep to the other side of the road, and neither bothered other, as the English one once put it. He loved stones so — his favorite was an especially pale stone at the foot of the spire of Salisbury Cathedral — he would press his cheek against the stone and look straight up, hundreds and

hundreds of feet to the sky the spire came down from to be touched. Once he even kissed the stone.

Meantime I was living right here, wherever here happened to be. Here is always close, don't worry, no geography lesson is coming.

But it's hard to be two people at once, or one person twice. I remember some years ago standing in front of the house where one of me was born, and a local asked me where I was from. I pointed to the tall brick row house with the mulberry bush inside the hedged forelawn. He looked annoyed and turned away from what he took to be my contemptuous lie.

I'm not the first person to report on the dangers of telling the truth. Especially when there is or are more than one truth. Because I was also born in England, in a cottage on the Norfolk coast where the little river Mun runs into the North Sea. We called it the German Ocean, and the mad poet Cowper (say: cooper) was our most famous resident. Before me, of course. My first drink of beer was taken in the Admiral Nelson. Though the saloon on Nostrand Avenue corner of Avenue S was the first bar I knew, and I loved it because it had a front door and a back door, and one day I was there with my father and a horse came in, yes, with a man on his back. They did things like that in those days, in the little settle regions north of Sheepshead Bay.

In both countries my uncles were fishermen, but I never learned to enjoy seafood (except clams, I loved

cherrystones) till years later,when all my uncles were dead, aren't they?

You can see how difficult it all is, being duple mand all, and never really sounding quite right. Here they sometimes think me English, over there they take me for an American, or even a Canadian, whatever that really is, linguistically speaking. I am neither, I am both, I am bth—pay heed to me. Many,many people are boths, like me, but I'm one of the veryfew who know I'm a both. Now look into your own heart, hearts, and see how many you are.

.... 16.VI.17

A LOVE SPELLED BACKWARDS

1. A love spelled backwards spoils the wind itself

**bile overflows the banks
we poor ones stand
up to our angers in revision**

reviling. Rebellion.

2. Was Nature wrong, our only enemy?

The spelling wasp the rules of come:?

3.
Suppose somebody really knew.
Fashion *is* fascism,
fun is from funeral,
are we catching warm?

4.
All the good that we never true,
bikes on Sabbath waffles Sunday?

**5.
Forget everything
the rest will be true —**

**6.
Will Thirsty wed
her pensées with Dry I
and soak all substance
with keen renew?**

**7.
Think more do less?
Nothing nearly something soon —
we reap the rye of song ago.**

**8.
The rose fell flat,
a joke a democrat—
canto poltico no go no go.**

**9.
What if he fascists are right
the only morning is the night?**

**10.
The grey over
greeting,
 how long to wait**

to harry?

The hawk knows.

11.

**Simpler said
we change
the code
we are,**

**Do Not Authenticate
my sperm in masquerade —
who knew?**

12.

**Cause everything changes.
Spell me up and runing soon**

***and in the Vale of Sorech*
marry her?**

13.

**Busy with runes though
I let the rain fall**

**till a trumpet under Baltic
heard. Yes marry.**

14.

**This antifascist ode
at last**

the goad of love,

**golly and gather,
a headscarf to habit,
a nipple in need,
repel, repel.**

15.

**A woods? A woods is
all greens together
sing a piece
a motet a motif
diapason.**

**True religion
like music needs
no belief.**

16.

**I am the organ
in you reflected
you say you neglected
but I say right
love and always will.**

17.

**Because will is permanent
think thick
desire,
lard of the stock exchange,**

cleavage TV.

18.

**These little exorcisms
make the devils laugh
but still they go
departing from our
chill neurology.**

19.

**I want to rescue
the whole country
from its ways—
so much for me.**

20.

**A throne for an old cat
cranky weather
sleep alone and wake together.**

21.

**Suppose the arrow actually
swallows the target —
wouldn't that be actual
enough, world lost
in its own striving? Try
to relax. Relax.**

22.

**A girl on a steamboat
gives gifts to gamblers.
Put up a statue of her,
call her Bellona, Lady
of War. Withered blossoms
smother her plinth.
Inscribe: Know this,
my people, Chance
is the only Sin.**

23.

**In lurid bronze
her naked hands.
Doves land there
deprecatingly.**

24.

**But riding (writing)
is a way of (a way out)
getting rid (a rid dance)
of my opinions (all)
yours.**

25.

**A wild dance
you wind up
safely without**

a thought in mind.

26.

**Poets speak
when no one listens.
That's how you know it's poetry.**

27.

**Expose yourself to ridicule
for the sake of some church
you adore the spire of
the shadow it casts on the empty street
full of people trudging through its shade.**

28,

**Most of all
you love
what it does
to the sky.**

29.

**Inept miracles
make senses reel**

**(real) on the way
to sea sigh,
 take
Bikini off
 the map,**

Rimini instead.

30.

**In the ducal zoo
all about you,
about the cages
stages of the way.
The camel. The colt.
The big cat.
We study to see
what we are not .**

31.

**The coat of my furs
(furze) (gorse)
I am an Irish road
rimmed with fuchsia
going nowhere.**

32.

**The line wriggles
the fish reads,
fins it, departs,
not his day to die.
So be ye every book.**

33.

**Ascanius forgives
his father Father's Day**

**for all his exiles:
You call this going
our home? This pale
animal asleep
in the shade our glade?
Let me be the gate.**

**34.
Fiddlesticks
can be silent too**

**to whom
does music speak?**

**a tomb. Nile Scene
from *Aida*. Oh.
Now to be so sad we
go to church.**

**35.
So many things to do
to remember
nothing to do.**

**36.
I am old
I write all
these books with one breath —**

**one inhaling
lasts forever.**

**(from the Chinese by
one crank of the heart spilled)**

(spelled).

**37.
I took too long
to tell you this**

**if you think
that is love**

just wait till you see.

**38.
When cars go by
this small morning
the clouds above
think that thunder
comes from the ground.
Are they wrong?
Are we alone?
We groan the earth.**

17 June 2017

= = = = =

**So vast a pool
to draw from
drink
 all the superstitions
(left over fears,
left over loves)
salt in your pocket
salt on your lips.**

**2.
Tunes you hear in sleep
but then.
 I am the old
person of the night
flutter past your window
gnaw your maybe mice**

**I cry
` as if the trees themselves
had children
 in their long
mute catastrophe,
 the dawn.**

3.
Light silences me.
Intelligence silences men.
A person is the Etruscan word
for *mask*,
the Romans guessed
'it meant *sound* comes *through*
it, per-sona,
but what did they know.
A mask means silence.
A mask lets us speak.

The daylight spoils your dreams too.

4.
Superstition I mean
is sane,
Belief
iss madness.

Think about it,
act without conviction
and be free,

wrong but rational,
scare at cats and owl cries,

**big-eyed *ug-pa* on the flagpole oy
but rational.**

Who knows what they bring.

**But belief is madness,
makes us kill
unbelievers, the rest of us,
the white owl in the tree
boys making love
girl alone kicking wavelets through the surf.**

18 June 2017

= = = = =

for Beth Snowden

**Form finds itself
and folds its arms
snug around
the spoken —
an image stands
to end the shape
of what it said —
then you're done.**

18 June 2017

= = = = =

1.

**All the runes
of this house
this one very house
a long spell
within its arms
Mercury wing'd
alert on rooftop
leading all
the Signals down.**

2.

**Light is a lawyer
we read the fine print
together, Ferns
at the lawn's precinct
warm wnd moves.**

3.

**I wantd to belong
to all of them
the way a father
belongs to his daughters.
U have no sons.**

4.

**You have seen my tomb
oft in English churches
flat on my back, ribcage
pressed by folded hands
eyes closed or fix'd on Heaven.
Am I praying or sleeping.
That is for you alone to say.**

5.

**So morning is still problematic,
an opera with no villain
or just society tself, looming
rooftops over a sad street.**

6.

**My point was Pentecost
comes all year round.
Everybird is Dove enough for me
and every language seems the same
to me, beautiful breaths I don't understand
except in the mostgeneral terms,
the words I sometimes hear (are they
words?) coming out of my mouth.**

7.

**My poor mouth, we Irish say,
pretend you have nothing
it will likely be true
enough to keep the bailiff off.
And when on Judgment Day
the Angels drag their ledgers out
they'll say: You sill have nothing.
Go free.**

19 June 2017

THE GIFT

**a lambswool bonnet—
the phrase comes to mind,
why, where do words come from
that have no things nearby?
A pure word, thigless,
souding soft ad comforting,,
moorland over the hill.**

19 June 2017

= = = = =

**A truck backs up
and makes that sound
loud ridiculous squeaks.
I sit alone
in my body
a boy before breakfast.
All my years fall away.
I'm just right-handed,
love Strauss and Mahler,
nothing else about me,
where have I been
all your life?
I smell the perfume
on your wrists
as you pass, *Miel*,
the French word for
what the world
tries to give us by itself,
the sun is trying to say.**

19 June 2017

VENI VIDI VICI

**sings a bird
exactly, over
and over so I'm
certain, out
of the trees,
over and over
could it be
that all our history
is pure ornithology,
some gospel the trees
murmur at morning
when our ears are
still clean from sleep?**

19 June 2017

EX TEMPORE

**Among humans
sickness is a way
of escaping from time
into the body's
timeless rhythms
of becoming,
no matter what.**

19 June 2017

THE BURGUNDAY LAMY

grace à C

**How strict
this new pen
is. No
gamboling, no
being late to church.**

**The car runs quiet,
grey the sky, lucidly,
we have everything we need
we have a pen**

**to say. The runes
at rest in me.**

**You came
from a fine far place,
came ashore, parleyed
without a fight — here
is my hand on it,
let us use
each other well.**

19 June 2017

= = = = =

**My favorite trick
is walking through walls
that aren't there.**

**People are astonished
at the peculiar animals
I lead with me,**

**beasts scarce known
in modern times, and all
clean, sweet-smelling,**

**well-behaved as sonnets
but much more up-to-date.
Here I am, lordlings,**

**layfolk, queens,
I have come to you again
through the silence inside words,**

heap me in your hearts.

19 June 2017

= = = = =

**I fear the sun
is coming out—
inside time for me.**

**I am a somber article
in need of noun.
Look for me in dim.**

19 June 2017

(Ukrainian dim means home or house)

= = = = =

**Trellises
 purple flowers
who are you now?**

**Once in this vista
I saw the long future
of my verb**

**and here I sit
remembering.**

19 June 2017

***(as if at Blithewood,
over the garden,
seeing the river)***

COMPENSATIONS

**The sun came out
but a breeze came with it.
It seems impolite
to go indoors.**

19.VI17

= = = = =

**Forgive me—I seem
to have written
the clouds right out of the sky.**

19.VI.17

ROS

1.

**Be close to the living side
the dew**

**rose is from *rosa* from
ros, the dew.**

**as in the Cross bedewed,
His blood the barrier
 strong against dying—**

**the wood thereof is weal.
Find it and heal.**

2.

**And so it spke this cool gloaming
sun in linden and last night's thunder
quiet rainpools here and there**

**to help us see.
 Help us be.**

3.

**For dew is rare,
dew is to the morning
as roses to the year,
one month along the sea
maybe,**

**a luminous
fragrance, a scent
that helps us see,**

**a fraction
that guides the whole.
Be a rose to me, be
dew to each other.**

4.

**See how the words
of their own accord
keep turning**

to you.

**We confuse one another
with all sorts of natural things,
roses, water, stone.
From this all pleasure comes—
we will never be alone.**

**20 June 2017
End of NB 404**

IN SUMMER MORNING

**Yet cool, think,
with all that
 fire in the sky —
solstice on us
 a pause
to show it trusts us.**

**Be kind is all it says,
be intermittent, dance,
forget your footsteps sometimes,
stumble, fly,
 be kind,
for kind means nature,
be ourselves out loud,
 rambunctious
even, after the order
of Melchizedek, the priest-
king who invented wine
and offered it
 against the gloom of sin
this sparkling sky.**

20 June 2017

= = = = =

Lurid atomies asunder!

**we do what we can
to hold together
the pious little this-and-that
on which we feed, from which
we breed, the little stuff we need.**

**Oxygen, mostly, in all its wizard guises,
blood and sugar, Everest and syllables,
sayables, sermons, pillow talk,
blackbirds shrill palavering,
blondes complaining, the linden
blossoming at last.**

**I guess
we are the nucleus
after all,
the point of the pin
or are we just where it goes in?**

20 June 2017

CHANSON DE L'ENCRE

**When words sink through the page
the flow of ink exults, proclaims:**

*I am always now
and never just back then
when you thought to write down
what you thought you thought.*

*think is a shimmer
speaking is breath, a sea breeze
maybe, but writing is ocean
ocean broad, ocean never fully known,
hidden bottom of the world.*

20 June 2017

INCUNABULAR

**Dreams of a new glass
full of olives, pitted,
stuffed with almonds
and round those fruits
strange fluid pours. Or
a cardboard box with
a live snail in it moving
with determination—
this is an ancient natural
compass, he is moving
always towards the truth.
Like the qibla to Mecca
or is it some other word
I have no right to say.
These words too
are incunabular,
here before printing
alive and moving
in the cradle of your lap.**

20 June 2017

ONEIRIKA

**Summer's in
hide the skin
makes us sin**

**Stand in the window
look out there
I stand beside you
our bodies pressed
together just enough
so I that can feel
what you see and
see what you feel.**

[With arms outspread]

**Great bird hovers
over the other's core
sheltering, shielding, yes
but something more —
inside that *living shadow*
she grows up quick
into the changes to be.**

21 June 2017

= = = = =

**First day of summer
and it says:**

Sit

**in your body
and look at the grass.
Don't read your mail—
Everybody is just an ad —
lov letters most of all.**

21 June 2017

= = = = =

**Blue plate on the ground
from under a plant pot,
does it remember
the fertile dirt
of what it bore
and the green businesses
way above that,
does it dream still
the colors that came then?**

21 June 2017

= = = = =

**My problem is everything
is alive and thinking and speaking
and I know it, but few do
so I wind up having to be
the ambassador of everything.**

21 June 2017

= = = = =

**Where is that naughty
Gypsy girl I need today
to flounce out of her opera
and steal my mind?**

21.VI.17

= = = = =

**Wasteful watching
when it's all
inside you already,
honey, it's the mercury
in your thermometer —
I am your half
hour of silence in heaven.
Hear me clear
in your closed eyes.**

21 June 2017

= = = = =

**Why do I keep thinking
about Ascanius?**

**Do I have somewhere
a son I've forgotten?
Or a father?**

**Come, read the Æneid
with me again, show me
where I struggled ashore
where I went wrong,
thought I had come home?
What city is this?**

21 June 2017

= = = = =

**Suppose the name the number
same game that Robin played
Daimon, the Distributor.
To work for the *demos*
is to work for hell?**

**A bright girl neither male nor feminine,
the cloud captured, dragged down
and moored to a hornbeam tree?
Or buckthorn, whose shadows you can feel
as you walk through, if I were you.**

**Answer me quick—are there frogs
in the old well? Did the stone face
in old Franconia crumble
from evil axes of rock climbers clambering?
Quick, did you pay the lust tax
of letting people watch you and
did you pin my picture to your all?**

**You've got to love me,
otherwise it doesn't work,
like a music box stuffed with melted candy
like a shrike piercing victims on a thorn.
Be careful how you answer me,
I might be listening, I might even care.**

**Sequences of mild applause
derange the music—
I'm the wrong kind of song for you,
spread your cheeks and spin another,
your story is tired of being true.**

**I laid a bone across your marrow,
I sketched a landscape for your future,
rose bushes, stupid grandchildren and desire
forever. Unsatisfied. Don't you know that yet?**

**In this world we need more than miracles—
my anger leaves scorches on your skin—
you remember everything I ever told you
and that's a scarring too, why O why
did you ever listen?**

**It's your fault,
everything I ever said. So much to forgive.
And I'm the only one allowed to do it.**

22 June 2017

= = = = =

**Yes, I mean
what you think I do,
that's the pain
of language.**

**Transfusions
of feelings,
meanings lost
into the other**

**how can I go
on meaning
if you already know
what I really mean?**

22 June 2017

= = = = =

**Each of us drinks from a cup
called My Father's Skull.**

**It is true. The bone, soft
as ivory, hard as bone,
fits all too well in the hand.**

**And everything we drink therefrom
has the same aftertaste.
Love me now. It's coming soon.**

22 June 2017

= = = = =

**O Tree
be me a while
so I can stand
as you do**

**head high
where no one else
is thinking,**

**and all the rational
things are just
birds and breezes**

**and I can sleep all day
my head in heaven.**

22 June 2017

= = = = =

**Leaf rake ripped
through random gleanings—
spate of learning.**

**Listen to me at last
before the weather
laughs you off the stage—**

**there are brilliants
snug in ore, fond
chemicals solved in ocean
waiting for you.**

**Friend,
the only art is alchemy.
Breathe it in, hard,
harder, and live.**

22 June 2017

THE ORACLE

**Things are still waiting,
not you. So the red
woman told me:
they, things, do
the waiting—our business
just to answer when
they get around to calling.**

**And she quoted great Cid
Corman's motto, that monk
of poetry in honesty:
Offer. Respond. Let be.
All three. The sweet
(after all) necessity.**

22 June 2017

= = = = =

**In the cathedral of the minute
the mind kneels. The sun outside
becomes a thousand candle flames
in colored glass—language
is the lights, the windows
stained with our supposings,
green glories, blue permissions
deep. Deep. All the red
remembers us. Twilight,
evening prayer. We write
a letter to our dearest friend
close beside us in the dimming nave.**

22 June 2017

= = == = = =

What could the meaning be
the truth of feeling.
Homer to Quintus to Nonnus
the tale unfolds,
won't end. Won't end
while we pretend to find
meaning in what we
pretend has happened—
narrative, from *Narr*, 'a fool'
and what he believes.
The strange thing is that
it all *does* mean,
really, sword and scimitar,
rock and bandage,
horse and the bloody river
talking to itself as it flows.

22 June 2017

HYMN TO TIAMAT

You mother

you minder

disturbed

in your fertile dream

by the trampling younglings

gamboling

up the hallways of your head—

***kosmos* is nothing but you thinking**

breathed out into a world space

by and in us

made actual.

2.

So that solves mythology.

All the rest is sunshine,

smooth skin at waking,

breezy casements,

glisten on your lips.

3.

I rest my case.

Every word

is a translation.

Translated from

the lost Etruscan language of our sleep,

those devils in the White House

left over from my dreams.

4.

**Lucky to be here
though on the other
side of language,
where chipmunks squabble
noisy as dear monks
at their prayers and
a blackbird's not far away
and a message from last
night's skunk still lingers
in the warm air,
everybody's mother.**

5.

**Mother rescue us from Athens—
that's the prayer.
North to Baltic, east Byzantium.
Save language for making love
to gods and girls and boys,
keep imagination pure from beliefs,
keep images clean, precise, allusive,
mysterious, public, in our faces,
every level place a shelf in your shrine,
every object you can name
your statuette or votive lamp or crucifix,
every shadow cast your minaret.**

23 June 2017

= = = = =

**Some of my poems
look like fragments
because they are,
broken scraps of baked clay
wedged in barely legible cuneiform
I bring to you, rhapsodes
of the lower world,
for you,
to carry through the streets
of your own mind
and sing, loud as thought itself,
that Niagara of meanings,
till even you can grasp
what my fragments helped you heal.**

Continuity is the thief of mind.

23 June 2017

STAIRCASE

**Climbing slow
each tread
a meditation
or contradiction,
a different kind
of thinking
on every step.**

24 June 2017

= = = = =

**Now not
time to reach out.
Reach in.
The weather says
flowering starts
within. Outside
helps inside grow.
Play there. The energy
is en-ergon,
the work inside.
From inside in
deeper and deeper
the way out.**

24 June 2017

= = = = =

**This stone I read tomorrow.
No hand to help.
The spaces between
(Pound's sculpture
after Mallarmé)
vibrant with meaning
the words barely
dare to hint.
These dangers, these beasts
gnawing at the edge of the mind.**

24 June 2017

= = = = =

Trying to be you again
let's see where this goes.
Tempests. Horae Diurnae—
let the night take
care of itself. Blue
everywhere after morning rain.
Speculum. A girl smiling
through her glasses
at a medieval ms. All
those lines and colors,
beasts and angels, oh
why isn't my day job like that
tattooed with meaningful imagery
maybe, or at least pictures
I can look at, people I can be?

24 June 2017

= = = = =

**Sunshine filling the leaves with ink.
The stillness of the air
gives way
something moves
 around us.**

**You cannot name that
animal but it thinks
its way into your house.
Your feeling
 and all that comes
from that. Thought. Aspire.
Animal means anything with a soul
and if it moves it is an animal.
Even me, moveless in easy chair,
blessing the mild breeze.**

24 June 2017

= = = = =

**Follow the grain of wood
dark rivers on the oakwood steps
dozen landscapes I climb through every night
the gist of going still seeming.
Locked in that
and low mountains in the background,
climb those too, the wonder lull itself
made of those imaged scenes.
Sometimes I stop on the stairs and breathe
the quiet air of other places
lost in, found in, the rill [run?] of wood,
the grain a hundred years only made clearer,
upstairs, through the whole world.**

24 June 2017

= = = = =

**Hammer claw and get to work
slowly the healing happens
I'm a fall guy the agent said,
believe everything I'm told—
that's my job I said,
to take everybody's word
at face value and make it true.
What kind of gambler are you?**

24 June 2017

= = = = =

The turtleneck, dark red, Adolfas was wearing was less impressive than the one he was shown wearing, with the same jacket, tin he big black and white poster above where he was working, talking, looking back at me over his shoulder, alive.

24 June 2017

This is truth, but how to tell it? Maybe only by dream.

= = = = =

**Again the precept—
don't reach out.
Reach in.**

24.VI.17

AUTORITRATTO

man at desk at dawn.

Who?

Sky: light with no color. 5 AM.

Dark trees.

There is a silence in me

I have been trying all my life to spill.

24 / 25 June 2017

DEAR ROBERTDUNCAN

**I'm sorry, but no man
really knows
what his mother would be .**

**Would as want or will or why
should she disclose
the bird flights of her image-mind**

**to you of all people
her fond experiment
in saying what she really would?**

24 / 25 June 2017

= = = = =

**Light enough to tell red from blue—
is that love story enough for you?
Ask my medieval friend—lost in the woods
one finds oneself. What else is skin for?**

24 / 25 June 2017

= = = = =

**Never decide to be you—
it will happen soon enough**

**blood lust of the common leaf—
dew wet, it waits
to fall on your skin**

**and lie there a while
until it dries and falls free.**

A tree explained this to me.

24 / 25 June 2017

THE ADORATIONS

**How could I not have known
it was you, your eyes
seeing out of my eyes, your breaths
answering my heartbeats?**

**Isn't it the fact, as a few Byzantines knew,
that each of us is two
and there is no me without you—
and this is no romance, love-song,**

**it is the substance of identity, Christ's
two natures mirroring our own?
So we are Incarnates too, two-ness
lurking in our cells, with you the one**

**and I the plangent Other, worshipper,
partisan, cripple, brother, sister,
shadow, sunray, all you need
(Wisdom says) is for me to be me.**

25 June 2017

(There's a church hymn for this Sunday.)

= = = = =

**Further in,
she found an ocean,
named it for him,
crossed it quick
in a glass caravel,
on the far shore
set foot and kept on,
in, ever in,
his name no
further use,
the spaces deep ahead
each step
a gospel, the woods
were frequent,
trees unknown,
she had come
to the land where
no names are,
peaceful passage,
wolves asleep, helpful
bears, several moons
to light her path
further and further in.
I don't want to see
her destination,
she is so beautiful**

**just as she goes
naked through all
she can imagine,
so beautiful to go
and go, remorselessly
present to all
she passes, all
there is, her hands
holding nothing
but the feel of movement,
as if her skin alone
were the answer
to the ultimate question.**

25 June 2017

= = = = =

**Where do all the bakers live?
In Xanadu they watch
new shaped loaves rise,
the moment of the oven comes
and then they pray. In Camelot
though they bake no bread
but only slender wafers, crisp,
to crack and share out
at the infinite table the tales
call simply round. but in Broceliande
no bread, no crackers,
only the sharp taste of yeast
more like a memory, borne to
each one on the dawn wind.
The torpid bakers sleep. the paladins
ride to and fro, leavening the world.**

25 June 2017

= = = = =

**Today is the sun's day
but the moon's is tomorrow.
The shadow comes always after
but that is where we
can bear to read the meaning.**

25 June 2017

= = = = =

Kouresophy—

**1.
there is a wisdom
girls possess,
often lost as women.**

**2.
I am the same answer
to all your questions.**

25 June 2017

= = = = =

**Sliver of a silver moon
we'll sight tonight
if we last the brightness
till comfort comes,
the less-seeming, the touch time
when we can only guess
what goes on in the trees.**

**2.
Who's we in this story?
Have I (whatever that is)
the right
 to look at the moon for you?
On your answer
all of human culture depends.**

**3.
So upend me, go ahead,
deny the pertinence
of my clever assonances,
downgrade my wisdom
to word play, crosswords
to fill out on the subway
in the old days of paper.
I'll endure as a ghost,**

**faint as Ilium, a noise
you heard and dismissed
but that echoes still.**

**4.
Because deep down I own the moon
and many of the stars beyond
in fact as many as I can name
and by naming make them yours.
So you'd better watch out, captious reader,
or you'll wind up owning half the sky
and you'll have to sing such tunes too.**

26 June 2017

= = = = =

**I thought it was the words
but it was the ink.
Thought it was the ink
it was the paper. Thought
the paper counted but
it turned out to be the arm.
But how could my skinny
arm know all that?**

26 June 2017

= = = = =

**So sweet and cool this morning
nine o'clock and a bird.
And cars not far, fast,
late to work. The time clock
in the sky is stuffed with leaves.
No one is counting. A breeze
makes a delicious shiver
on my bare nape. Not far
deer are sleeping in the woods.**

26 June 2017

= = = = =

**I've had my say-so
now it's time to begin.**

**The obvious beckons!
Lady be weird to me.**

26.VI.17

INVOCATION

**Sprig of lavender
caught in the pages.
Still has fragrance,
foreign gardens
near at hand,
the lute-plucked tone
of that scent,
let this book borrow.**

26 June 2017

= = = = =

**Thoughts I don't want to think
chase by spills of sunlight on the lawn—
what the leaves of trees let through,
those lofty minds.**

26.VI.17

= = = = =

**Linked to my story
by a finger in a narrow space
a stone fist [?], a road west.
A link means meaning
or makes violence. I heard
the Turkish music as I slept,
you spread your *cloak*
and out poured the night.**

26 June 2017

= = = = =

**Is it enough to say so or
think you're saying so
when you're just thinking?
Potshards, radishes, cathedrals?
Everything loves me!**

26 June 2017

= = = = =

**Caught in symmetry
right between
two similarly opened windows
around a third, closed,
I am trapped. It's a new
house, a never-been,
an all-my-life I've never
seen. I sit here every day
never like this. They
are eyes, they stare
at me and past me,
symmetry is holy,
scary, deadly,
a sudden solid
to lock a mind in.
Since all we are
is brute perceiving.**

**I am thinking my way
to the end of this line.
There. Here I am.
Here we are together
where we have never
met before. It
rained last night,
it isn't raining now.**

27 June 2017

PUROHIT

**Wiping clean the morning altar.
Impose a liturgy on it
you just made up, fast,
fingers flying, lips babbling,
no thinking about it, here.
Then you wash the words
away with silence. Then
hum. The gods like humming
no words to vex them
with begging verses and demands.
Hum. It's summer. The bees
catch on and do some
humming too. For you.
Everything helps the morning
priest, lord of weather,
child of wonder.**

27 June 2017

= = = = =

**Comes the Evolution
we'll all be angels.
Or starfish remembering the sky.**

27.VI.17

= = = = =

**Flowers are best.
In all their beauty
they are never completely
symmetrical. The blue
hydrangea, its multitude,
the luminous differences.**

27 June 2017

28 June 2017

= = = = =

**Time to tear
the temple down
yet again.
Too much music!
You can't hear
the world think,
you're left with old
dried-out thinking,
so-called thoughts,
mud-bricks for your
appalling ziggurat
society. Set
thinking free,
tear down what
used to be, trucks
on a fancy highway
carrying junk to nowhere.**

28 June 2017

= = = = =

**Who am I fooling?
I fall for every trick—
that's my job
to be taken in—
for a homeless wanderer
not the worst fate.
I leave my wits at every gate.**

28 June 2017

SUPPER MUSIC

**Each hero has a fork
digs it into the pot
once and only once
and gets to eat what
comes out and only that.
This is Irish. this is fate.
Supper in Donegal
3,000 years or so.
It is all too much
like my writing now,
stuck with whatever
comes to mind.**

28 June 2017

= = = = =

**There has to be
beauty in it
this thing we do,
otherwise we're part of the problem.**

**Leave sneering to the Republicans
it's their way of smiling.
Remember Rilke
who said all we can do is praise.**

**Praise. Find something
beautiful to praise
and your praise will be a prayer
to the earth gods and sea gods
and the beautiful little gods
who still sometimes live in the heart.**

29 June 2017

= = = = =

Dream of Fred Grab, in white striped shirt. Met in a hotel to which he had just returned, for a conference I was taking part in. While away, he had converted to Islam, but still played classical music loud. From him I learned what he learned in Egypt—that Communists had found in Trotsky's closet records of his many secret talks with Hitler. From which I suddenly understood how the Austrian bumpkin had acquired the skills to master crowds and rule a great nation—but after Trotsky's death (August 1940) the psychic link was broken, and Hitler floundered on, alive, but all by himself, blundering into the Russian campaign and the long-drawn-out-agony of losing the war. Stalin's assignation of Trotsky was really his way of defeating the Germans.

29 June 2017

(of *Calls*)

**You could read this book
or you could drink a glass of water.
pretty much the same, but one lasts longer.**

29.VI.17

= = = = =

**Suppose it were a manuscript
or a slip of Roman wood
with varnished letters on it**

**what would it say?
That's the question faces me
every livelong day—**

**rhyme or no rhyme, sense
or leave it to the consumer
to agitate the images until**

**something comes clear
in somebody's head out
there and the poem's done.**

30 June 2017

OUR CHOICE

**Dizzie Gillespie's cheeks
puffed out with music
or the sails on Crce's craft—
for she's a sailor too,
even in the meekest streams
she paddles canoe-wise
the magic of her know-how:
she turns us into ourselves,
direst of fates, only she
our slim-hipped treacherous
physiology can do such tricks,
where I began life anybody
but end up me. She shivers
in my blood, giggles in my breath.
Music helps a lot, and telling
lies. Ulysses sole of mortals
looked on Nature and survived.**

30 June 2017

TRANSCRIPT OF MY LECTURE AT THE SORBONNE

**We do what we can
and then the light goes out
So many answers!
the cutest girls come from my neighborhood
National Anthem
the sky is clearing
have you ever tasted water like this before?
Trucial Oman was a place but what does it mean?
I was a kid at Rockaway
when is rain like a bird?
what kind of bird?
up to my knees in surf but then
a man there was who could feel the rain indoors
his arms were wet his hair though dry
there are no monks in Westminster Abbey
I saw the river plainly from my chair
every sentence ever spoken starts a story
many stories splitting off from each one**

**we are immortal foolish inconsequential
cool sudden breeze as if the rain
baseball played on concrete outfields Bronx
sunlight sprinkled through some leaves
wherever there are trees
I admire where this is going
could it be a road?
cigar? one of them offered and I was hired
the translator goes further than the author
translating a story sends it deep into the past
until it becomes a dream
the best thing is we never know who's speaking
a dream anybody can have
she looked at me strangely over her plate
all I had done was walk past
all I ever do
this is on the way to something else
else
a castle by the sea**

elegy

study radio technology before a war

white bathing suit that's what memory is

voice of horses

prancing in the street

I was in Vienna once

what did the horses say?

they were in Vienna too

they spoke a dialect I scarcely knew

about why they won't let animals go to church

Sunday morning quiet but

are you sure?

never

everybody says the same things

a fence a wooden fence

a bear by the river now

pick any word and stretch it out

until it has two lovers in it

at least

easy fall

in love

escape disaster

New York flower like a daisy in mourning

aster means star

IShTaR ASHToReth ASTARte ESTheR sTara 'a star'

ess tee a are

these sounds hold the sky

hold the sky at bay

will it rain on the hill as it rains in the heart

the song seemed to say

French

translate music into something faster

rarer

this is the very diamond found today

faceted with meanings

but what does that mean?

wondership and far apart

a wedding!

grease for the heart valves

salt for the blood

**pressure of things
a small plane circling overhead
are we at war?
were we ever not?
by Jove a Messerschmidt a century too late
Juno frowns
child annoys mother unforgivable
call out the priests
the patriarch snoozes on his cathedra
in dream the Virgin makes certain promises
primroses
it will all be love before we know
`analyze this and learn me best
how old is anybody after all?
like a flower I said and she assented
too easy though too easy
what kind of white?
do flowers have skin?
she rested her case
plastic balls to demonstrate molecules**

sorrow of the schools
don't let age stop you being a child
hogging the classroom every blessed day
no teacher just stuff around the room
o sacred Matter where our wit is wise!
Mind is matter momentarily stilled
so speed at rest
change is vacation
they meant to mean but they forgot
she muses
we marry
here are logs for walls
there is a river to remember
may I be the frog that lives in your well?
the mind of metal
when you clang on it what you hear is sunrise
language makes everything possible
difficult
use sound to scrub your vocabulary
wire brush

sound the word to clean it up

I mean

war cures romance alas

can you remember so far ahead?

relax

if you weren't you you'd be somebody else

have to be

end of the problem

do you know another word for true?

30 June 2017